

THE LEISURE HOUR.

BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,
AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND.—*Cowper.*



SOMETHING AMISS.

HIS ONLY ENEMY.

CHAPTER III.—A WEAK MAN'S RESOLUTION.

CLARENCE MOSELEY was mistaken when he assured Maurice that his remarks had not been overheard by Allen. The light mocking words had been heard by the sensitive, high-souled brother, and they had sent a rush of hot blood to his face, and smote him with a strange sense of pain. They had been uttered by a friend of his brother's; that

was the sting which those words had for him. He strode on with a sick heart, feeling sure that they would be glad when he was out of the way.

"I'm not wanted by either of them," he said to himself, as he rapidly approached the house, anxious to get out of hearing of that gay voice, and put a greater distance between himself and the man whom he despised and feared—feared because he knew him to be gaining powerful influence over Maurice, which was already beginning to bear evil fruit.

Allen fancied that his brother was changing, and he was right, for his facile character was being newly moulded by the hand of the friend, whose stronger will had gained such ascendancy over his weak, impressionable nature. Squire Raeburn's nephew had made an easy conquest of Maurice, who had been strongly attracted to him by the fascination of his conversation and manners. It was to this source that Allen traced his brother's daily increasing dissatisfaction with their present life, and his impatience of its restraints and contempt for its duties. Then his morbid fits of depression and restlessness, the unhealthy craving for new excitement, were all looked upon by him as indications of the moral degeneration, which, like some insidious disease, was sapping the fair growth of high principle, rectitude, and honour which he (tenderly faithful to his mother's deathbed charge) had striven to develop in the character of Maurice. There were numerous times when the old loving influence reasserted itself strongly over the gay, thoughtless nature; when his heart clung to Allen with all the demonstrative fondness which he had shown for him in his boyhood; when the old faith in that brother's self-denying goodness triumphed over all the distrust and misrepresentations which, like so many drops of poison, had been subtilely distilled into his mind by the man who was doing his best to set them apart. It was then that Maurice strove to be loyally true to his brother, and made resolutions to be guided by his advice in all things, and suffer nothing to come between them. These resolutions were kept only until some chance meeting with Clarence Moseley drifted him into the old temptation, bringing back all the discontent and distrust that distorted his mental and moral vision, and made the quiet routine of the manufactory insupportable.

Absorbed in his thoughts, Allen went back to the room which they had left only a short time before. After hurriedly closing the door as if it was a relief to be alone, he went to his accustomed seat, in which he threw himself wearily back, with a moan of suffering that mere physical pain would hardly have wrung from his strong nature.

"Oh, Maurice, Maurice, how will it all end? Will this friend continue to draw you farther from me, until he succeeds in dividing us? That would be work to satisfy Clarence Moseley. Whatever he may be to poor Maurice, he is an enemy to me."

These would have been Allen's words if he had uttered his thoughts aloud; but he did not: his overcharged feelings found no relief beyond that one low moan of pain. All the rest was choked back upon the full heart. So he sat with brow bent upon his hand, a sad, solitary thinker, apparently taking no count of time. Self-conquest had been the voluntary moral discipline of Allen's life from a boy, and in his prime of manhood it was still the grand keynote to which the music of his life was set.

The quaint bronze timepiece on the mantel struck ten, giving Allen a start of surprise at the lateness of the hour. He counted the soft bell-like chimes with a feeling of anxiety at his brother's prolonged absence, then checked the momentary solicitude, remembering that Maurice had lately shown impatience at the watchful supervision of his health, which he had kept up after the old tender fashion of past days. Allen sighed heavily; it was not often that his brave heart sank as it did that night. He was conscious of an aching sense of loneliness as he sat there wait-

ing for Maurice—something that made his life very grey and winterly, touched with the chill of frost, which had come before its time; and it seemed to him such an empty world—empty of love, and hope, and happiness, all the fair harvest of fruition upon which men usually set their hearts. Would that be the burden of his life's story even to the end? With all his sowing, was he never to reap? Was there to be no lifting of the clouds? nothing to break the isolation of a life even more solitary than Uncle David's had been? Allen shivered as this tide of thought swept through his brain, and he found himself trying to realise what would remain for him if Maurice drifted away. Would there be nothing left for the day when he might have to sit alone, with his heart hungering for human love and sympathy? Suddenly the dark brow cleared and relaxed, as though it had been smoothed by some gentle hand, and the face lit up with a quick bright glow as his thoughts supplied the answer: "Yes, there would be something if—if only he could win the love of the one woman who alone could fill his world." How the deep heart stirred and thrilled at the thought which seemed to satisfy some craving want. How yearningly he turned to welcome the fair dream that seemed like some soft-winged dove coming after the darkness, and bringing him the olive-branch of promise for the days to come. Promise of a life largely enriched and blessed, with gentle love-lights crowding out the shadows of the past—a happy English home, with a fair wife reigning as its queen, and little children climbing upon his knees, and clasping their tiny hands about his neck. This was the picture which that dream brought to the solitary thinker sitting in the silent room of the gloomy brick house at Deanfield—a dream that for the moment utterly changed the aspect of everything. Was there any hope that he would ever realise that vision of happiness? It was not the first time Allen had put such interrogations to himself, always with the same result of unsatisfied yearnings and painful self-deprecating doubt, that seemed to put a gulf between himself and Ruth Holland, and dispersed his day-dream like a summer mist before the sunshine. Still it was a joy to him only to have dreamed it as a possibility, and he treasured it as he did the love-story which he kept hidden away in his heart like hoarded gold.

It was a strange under-current of romance for a man like Allen Harford. He would have found it difficult to tell when his love for Ruth Holland first began. It had been a process made up of such natural transitions, and the feeling had grown upon him so imperceptibly, that he never realised his danger until it was too late, and the sweet girl face had taken possession of his heart. It had first attracted him as the face of a child looking shyly out from a cluster of wind-blown curls, that looked like an aureole of sunshine round her head. Allen was nearly ten years older than Ruth. He had reached the spring of manhood while she was still a little girl with short frocks. Even in those early days young Harford had grave thoughtful manners that added several years to his age. He had always shown a preference for the society of his elders, and this had in time led to a close intimacy between himself and the reserved scholar Martin Crosse, who took a pleasure in the companionship of the clear-headed, intelligent lad, whose homage to his talents was so genuine, and who showed such keen interest in his conversation. Their friendship strengthened with time, Martin

often lamented the career which had been chosen for his favourite, and openly expressed his regret that such a fine intellect should be thrown away on that Deanfield factory. But Allen only laughed and flushed a little at the flattery to himself, and went on bravely and cheerfully. There was happily no danger of morbid discontent in him, his nature was too sound and healthily for that kind of moral weakness. It was during his visits to Martin Crosse that Allen had been thrown into the society of Ruth Holland, who had been generally present at their conferences, sometimes shyly joining in the conversation, but usually remaining a quiet listener, always making a bright presence that Allen learned to look for in the little study, and to miss when it was not there. So life had flowed on for those three. Ruth had grown from child to woman, unconscious that she had been winning through all those years the life-long love of a strong, true heart. Neither had the simple-minded stepfather any suspicion of the truth, for Allen kept his own counsel and set his love apart as a treasure to be cherished in silence.

The light had not yet gone from his face, for he was still absorbed in his dream, when the stillness was broken by the sound of hurried steps, followed by a blundering effort to open the door, as if the person was unable to find the handle of the latch. Allen rose from his seat and went hastily forward just as it was pushed open by Maurice, who almost staggered into the room, startling his brother by the ghastly pallor of his face. He supported him to the nearest chair, into which the young man dropped, gasping for breath and pressing his hand upon his side. Allen hastily filled a glass from a water-bottle on the table and held it to his blanched lips, standing over him with all the tender solicitude that was so characteristic of him in the presence of weakness and suffering. He waited until the faintness passed and returning colour took the place of the death-like hue which had given him such alarm. Then he asked, anxiously, "What is the matter, Maurice? what has made you so ill? You look as if you had received a dreadful shock."

Maurice made an effort to speak, but the words came with difficulty. "Don't worry about me, Allen, I shall be well enough presently, it was only a sudden faintness."

The cooling draught evidently revived him, for he raised his head, which had been resting against the back of the chair, and resumed his explanation. "It began with one of my old attacks of palpitation. But what made you think I had a shock?" he queried, in sharp, nervous tones; and with a strange, startled look in his eyes as he glanced into Allen's face.

"Your appearance, Maurice, gave me that impression," was the grave rejoinder.

There was a sigh of relief from the young man, and he clasped his hands together, murmuring, "Ah! yes, I did not think of that." And he let his head drop back into its resting-place against the chair, saying to his brother, in a voice that became stronger and steadier as he talked, "Still it was an odd fancy of yours, Allen; for what could have given me a shock to-night, unless it had been an alarm of fire, and some one had brought me the news that the factory was burning down?"

"The factory!" Allen interjected, with a start. They were careless words from a careless speaker; but it was a highly-uncomfortable association of

ideas, and Allen wished it had not been made, though he felt half inclined to laugh at his own nervousness. How little did either of the brothers guess that a time would come when that light allusion to the burning of the factory would be vividly recalled to the minds of both, invested by circumstances with a strange significance beyond the actual meaning of the words! Maurice tried to laugh at his brother's serious face, but the mirth was a transparent failure; he shivered in the midst of it, and his blue eyes wandered restlessly round the room with a troubled, furtive, apprehensive look that Allen noticed but did not understand. It was a look that would become sadly familiar to him after that night, which was to date a new epoch in the life of Maurice, and drift him still further from the old days; an epoch dark with shadows, and bearing within it the burden of much pain and humiliation—a burden all the heavier because it would be unshared.

Happily for his own peace of mind, Allen Harford had no suspicion of Maurice. He assigned only natural causes for his illness, and accepted it as the explanation for all that he thought strange in his brother's manner that night. He scanned the delicate face with keen anxiety, soothing him as he would a sick child, and even taking blame to himself for having indirectly contributed to bring about the attack. "Maurice, my boy, I am afraid this breaking-down of yours must be laid to my account."

"To your account, Allen?" the younger brother repeated, with genuine surprise.

"Yes, to my account, for I have over-estimated your strength, and caused you to apply yourself more closely to business than was suited to your health. I see now that I have been selfish and inconsiderate."

"No, no, Allen, you have been nothing of the kind."

Allen went on without appearing to regard the interjected remark. "I remember, Maurice, that for the last few days you have complained to me of the heat of the factory, and about the smell of the paint making your head ache, but I was inclined to put it down to your prejudice against the place. If I had not been a blind mole I might have seen that your health was suffering. And now for the remedy, my boy. In the first place, you must call upon Dr. Kemp to-morrow, and take a holiday for at least a fortnight, giving me your word to keep away from the factory all the time."

Maurice negatived this proposal, but Allen combed the point, and insisted upon his project being adopted.

"Never mind about the pressure of work, we shall be able to carry it through without you. I shall not grudge a little extra exertion."

Maurice was touched by this new proof of disinterested kindness, and for the time was full of compunction for his own want of appreciation of his brother's generosity and love.

"But what about your own health, Allen?—you always seem to lose sight of that. If the air of the factory is injurious to me, it will be the same to you."

Allen answered, confidently, "Make your mind easy about me; I am like a hardy shrub that thrives in any soil or weather; but there are delicate plants that require shielding in this climate of ours. You are one of those, Maurice, and, if it is God's will, my boy, you shall have the care and shelter as long as I live and have the power to—to—"

His voice faltered, and he could only finish his sentence by laying his hand on his brother's shoulder—that large, strong, kindly, helpful hand, which had such power to lead, such power to grapple with difficulties, and yet, withal, such gentleness of touch for small weak things. Maurice took his brother's hand in both his own, and, moved by some sudden impulse, pressed it to his lips, crying passionately, "No, no, Allen, you shall not wear yourself out for me. I have been idle too often while you worked. No, I will not take the holiday; I am not ill, and don't require it."

Allen struck in: "What nonsense, Maurice, to deny that you are unwell, when—"

"Don't interrupt me, Allen," the young man exclaimed. "I know all you would say; but I have made up my mind not to keep away from the factory, however disagreeable it may be to me. It is my duty to be there with you, taking my just share of the worry and work. I have no right to let all the burden rest on your shoulders, while I pocket the gains, like the selfish fellow I have always been. Oh, Allen, my shortcomings are so vividly before me to-night, and I feel so contemptible in my own eyes; but I am going to turn over a new leaf, so don't try to persuade me to give way, for I might not be able to resist the temptation which your advice holds out to me. You know I am too much given to idleness and self-indulgence, instead of doing my duty like a man."

There was a tone of pathetic entreaty in his voice that deeply moved Allen. He was used to the quick transitions of feeling in Maurice, to impetuous yearnings after goodness; but that night seemed to have shown him a new development of his brother, and he accepted the change with silent thankfulness. It was full of hope and promise for both, and seemed like a rebuke to his own despondent misgivings, and the hard thoughts which he was beginning to think about Maurice.

The young man still held his brother's hand, as if he found something sustaining in its touch.

"Yes, Allen," he cried, with feverish excitement; "let me do what I can to help to atone for all the trouble and care I have given you; yes, let me do what I can," he repeated, mournfully dwelling on the words. "I have done so little with my life, and you know I am such a weak, unstable fellow, even at my best."

"Dear Maurice, you shall do as you like; I will not cross your will, only don't work too hard. Courage, courage and hope, let that be your watchword, and put your trust in Him who is able and willing to assist those who ask and have faith. I must own that I was beginning to lose heart when I saw you wilfully ignoring my advice, and setting aside my cautions about Clarence Mosely, whom I cannot help distrusting; but we will not talk of this now, Maurice. I want to have none but hopeful thoughts, for my faith in you will be renewed from to-night."

Allen felt his brother's hand tremble, and noticed that his lips were quivering as he said, brokenly, "God bless you for those words, Allen—for saying them to-night!"

"And God bless you, my boy!" Allen added, fervently, all his strong brotherly love shining in his eyes. "And may He keep you strong in your good resolutions. I have felt a shadow creeping between us ever since you and Clarence Mosely became such great friends, but now I trust it will pass away, and

leave us with a better knowledge of each other. You and I together, Maurice, I see a happier time before us both."

A happier time—poor Allen!

MILITARY COURTS-MARTIAL.

BY AN OFFICER.

IT has long been one of England's greatest boasts that she possesses a more perfect system of administering justice than any other nation. The great principle of trial by jury is understood by all our readers, and is taken as the characteristic feature of British justice. But we have generally found that the principles on which military law is administered are known to comparatively few civilians. A short sketch of the manner in which courts-martial are conducted may be, therefore, not devoid of interest. Our limited space will only admit of our treating the subject very briefly indeed, but should any of our readers care to pursue their investigations further, they will find all they require in a book called "Symons on Courts-Martial," which, besides a lucid description of the forms and modes of procedure, contains records of most of the notable or curious cases which have hitherto been tried, and will repay a careful perusal.

It will be well, perhaps, that, before we commence our subject, our readers should have a clear idea of what military law really is. When a civilian joins the army, he is still liable to be tried by civil courts for any of the offences which come under their jurisdiction. But there are other crimes, essentially military in their nature, which either do not come under the head of civil offences, or for which a sufficient punishment is not awarded by the law. For example: should a sentry be found drunk on his post, if he were brought before one of the police-courts the magistrate would only have the power of awarding him some small fine or punishment, which, though sufficient for the mere crime of drunkenness, would be quite inadequate to an offence which is justly considered a most serious one in the army, risking as it does the safety of whatever may be entrusted to the sentry. Moreover, at several localities where troops are stationed there are no civil courts of any kind, and consequently some other mode of trying a soldier is necessary.

It is well known to most of our readers that it is illegal to keep any "standing army" in England, and that a special Act of Parliament must be passed each year to legalise the existence of our present military force. For this purpose, and for the government of the army, the "Mutiny Act" and "Articles of War" are issued annually, so as to come into force by the 25th April. The administration of this law is effected by military courts composed of officers holding commissions in the service. Their authority is of course confined to the trial of soldiers and other persons in active service with the army, but it is in the power of the Crown, or its representative in the colonies and dependencies, in case of invasion or any other circumstances rendering such a course advisable, to "proclaim martial law," which would have the effect of putting in abeyance all civil courts, and rendering civilians subject to military law equally with soldiers. Such a proceeding would, however,

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only be resorted to under most exceptional circumstances, when the ordinary courts were found to be powerless. It is long since martial law was proclaimed in England, but in our own time an instance occurred, under the governorship of Sir James Eyre, in Jamaica.

Having explained the purposes for which courts-martial are established, we proceed to speak of the manner in which they are conducted. There are three usual forms of the court, according to the magnitude of the offence to be tried, namely, General, Garrison, and Regimental.

A General court-martial consists, at all large stations, of nine members, and never of less than five. Of these the president should be a general officer or colonel, if it is possible to obtain one, and all the members should be of equal or superior rank to the prisoner. The court can only be convened by the officer in command of a district, and by special warrant from her Majesty. A judge-advocate must be present to give advice on legal points, and see that all requisite formalities are duly gone through. This is the only court-martial which can try a commissioned officer, and its powers are practically unlimited, as it can cashier any officer or soldier, or sentence him to death, penal servitude for *not less* than five years, or in fact any other punishment in accordance with the custom of the service. The proceedings must be submitted for her Majesty's sanction before sentence is executed at home; but abroad, all sentences, except in the case of an officer sentenced to death, penal servitude, cashiering or dismissal, can be confirmed by the general commanding. A prisoner may always provide himself with a legal adviser, but must make his defence himself, the lawyer not being permitted to address the court.

A Garrison court-martial is usually formed of seven members, with a field-officer as president, and can never consist of less than three. It is convened by the officer in command of a district, but in this case a special warrant is not needed, as annual warrants are issued to such officers, empowering them to hold such courts when necessary, and also to confirm the sentences passed. A Garrison court-martial can sentence a soldier or non-commissioned officer to any punishment other than death or penal servitude, or imprisonment with hard labour for more than two years. This court is used for the trial of common offences meriting a severe punishment, such as desertion in time of peace, disobedience of orders, etc.

The most ordinary form of court-martial, however, is that known as the Regimental, which can be convened by any officer not under the rank of captain, and in command of a regiment, battalion, dépôt, etc. It must never consist of less than three officers, with a captain as president, and can sentence any non-commissioned officer or man to a punishment not exceeding forty-two days' imprisonment with hard labour, the sentence being ratified by the commanding-officer. The most usual offence tried by this court is "absence without leave, and losing kit through neglect;" but all minor offences deserving more punishment than seven days' imprisonment with hard labour (which is the utmost a commanding-officer can award) would be brought before it.

The mode of procedure of all courts-martial is alike, the presence of the judge-advocate at a General court being the only difference made. It will, therefore, answer all purposes if we describe the manner in which the most ordinary Regimental court is held.

The members being seated at a table according to their regimental rank, with the president at the head, the prisoner is brought in, with his cap off, under escort, and placed at the bottom of the table. The president reads over to the culprit the order for convening the court, and the names of the members, and asks whether he objects to be tried by any of these officers. Should any reasonable objection be made, the court deliberate upon it, and allow or reject it, but such is very rarely the case.

The members now stand up, and are sworn in turn on a Bible, as in civil courts, to judge the cause without partiality, favour, or affection, and to the best of their ability, not to divulge the decision of the court until it has been approved of, and never to disclose the opinion of any one member. All witnesses for or against the prisoner are then removed, and he is asked to plead guilty or not guilty. Should he decline to plead, or remain sullenly silent, a plea of "not guilty" is entered. Should a prisoner plead guilty, the case must still be gone on with, in order that the court may see clearly under what circumstances the crime was committed, and so be able to give a just sentence.

The witnesses are now recalled, and an officer, previously appointed prosecutor, calls up in turn all those who can prove anything against the prisoner, who has liberty of cross-examining them should he think fit. Each witness, as he comes up, takes off his cap and right-hand glove, and swears that his evidence shall be "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth." When the evidence for the prosecution is ended, that for the prisoner begins, and he is allowed either to make a speech in his defence, or to hand in a written one, which is read in court by the president. The court is then cleared of every one but the president and members, who proceed to deliberate upon their finding, the opinion of the junior member being asked first. As a rule, officers are most anxious to acquit, but the evidence is generally too strong to leave any doubt of the prisoner's guilt. Should a verdict of "guilty" be recorded, the court re-opens, and several fixed questions are asked of the prosecutor, who has prepared to answer them, such as the age, number of years' service, general character, etc., of the prisoner. A medical certificate must also be produced, stating whether he is able to bear imprisonment. All these preliminaries being finished, the court is again cleared, and the sentence deliberated upon. A majority for the sentence adopted is necessary, and the votes are taken, beginning at the junior member.

Meanwhile, since the commencement of the trial, the president, or some one of the members, has been copying out the proceedings after the manner of all military documents, viz., on blue foolscap paper, leaving the left half of each sheet blank as a margin. The proceedings are written out at length, according to a fixed form, and contain every word spoken or written in the case, since it is most essential that the officer who confirms the sentence should be able to form a correct opinion of its justice, as he has the power, under certain circumstances, of causing the court-martial to reassemble to reconsider their decision, or of commuting some of the punishment awarded. A clear half page must be left at the end of the last sheet of foolscap for the commanding-officer's remarks (if any) and signature.

The sentence of the court being now decided upon, the proceedings are sealed up and forwarded for the

inspection of the commanding-officer, the decision and sentence being meanwhile kept secret. Should they be approved of, the proceedings are forwarded to the officer on duty, who assembles the regiment or brigade, places the prisoner in the centre, with his cap off, and reads to the men the crime, finding, and sentence. The culprit is then marched off to undergo his punishment.

We have been able only to give our readers the merest sketch of military law in this short paper, but we cannot leave our subject without mentioning one or two of the advantages which in our opinion it possesses over ordinary civil procedures. First, then, the same persons who find the prisoner guilty give the sentence. Our English system has been blamed, and perhaps with some degree of truth, in that we spend days or weeks, as the case may be, in proving a man guilty or innocent, take a verdict of twelve impartial men on the subject, and then, if the guilt be proved, leave to one man that most important function to which the whole trial has been leading up—to deliver the sentence. We do not say that, as a rule, the sentences delivered are not what they should be; but there is advantage in a system where each man's personal opinions are checked by those of his comrades, and the grave responsibility of pronouncing sentence is not left to any individual.

Secondly, at a court-martial, justice is administered simply on the merits of the case. There are very few legal loopholes indeed whereby a guilty man can escape, or legal quibbles which often waste time and puzzle a jury. At a court-martial the prisoner sees before him a number of officers, every one of whom he knows will be glad to have the opportunity of acquitting him, should he be able to prove his innocence, but who are too old soldiers to be affected by technical quibbles or fluent rhetoric. On its own merits his case must stand or fall, and he knows it well. It would be a bad day for the Bar if ever a system like this came into force in our civil courts, but yet, perhaps many would rejoice thereat.

We can only say, in conclusion, that were we ever to be involved in a net of circumstantial evidence, such as before now has brought innocent men to the scaffold, so long as we were conscious of our own innocence we would go for trial before a court-martial with a mind perfectly at ease as to the issue, knowing that our brother officers, however strong appearances might be against us, would take care to be absolutely certain of our guilt ere they convicted us.

A WEEK IN TREVANDRUM.

TRAVANCORE, though separated from Tinnevelly by the Ghats only, is in many respects quite a different country. Its language, money, the appearance of the people and country, at once impress the traveller with the idea that he is in new territory. We travelled from the south to the capital, Trevandrum, by moonlight, and saw on each side of the road undulating sweeps of beautiful forest and grass land. In fact, we were either rushing down hill at a pace which I every minute feared would bring our bullocks down upon their knees, or we were laboriously plodding up the opposite side at the slowest possible pace at which a vehicle could creep along. The people and the country we passed ap-

peared to me more picturesque than on the Tinnevelly side. Wayfarers had lightly thrown over their shoulders a light-blue scarf; their cloths, tied up in a different way from the Tinnevelly people, *i.e.*, not looped up between the legs, were clean, and the kudumie, or tuft of hair on the top of the head, hung on one side of the forehead instead of at the back.

Morning dawned upon us a few miles from Trevandrum. A road, however dusty it may be, cannot but look pretty with festoons of the wild pepper-plant, towering jack-trees, clumps of plantain-trees, with their delicious light-green leaves a foot and a half broad and five feet long, graceful cocoanut-trees, etc., lining it on either side; and along such a road we passed to our destination.

Our visit had been happily timed, as illness had prevented the Maharajah Rama Vurmah from being present at the Delhi ceremony in connection with the proclamation of the Queen's title of Empress, and it had been resolved to hold a special durbar in Trevandrum, give a state dinner, and have a display of fireworks in honour of the same event.

The names of my wife and myself had been entered on the invitation lists through the kind offices of a friend residing in Trevandrum, who had invited us to spend a week with her.

The "Land of Charity," as Travancore is also termed, is peculiarly interesting to the European, as it is thoroughly native, or it might be more properly said Brahminical, and yet possesses a degree of enlightenment which has prompted its rajah to found a college, undertake female education, confer grants on mission schools, and build a beautiful museum. Its public services are to a great extent presided over by British officers.

It has, moreover, a further and peculiar attraction for the European Christian, from its having afforded shelter from apostolic times to a Syrian Christian church, numbering, at the present day, no less than 200,000 souls. This church has sadly degenerated from apostolic teaching from enforced contact with the Romish Church during the time of the Portuguese conquest, but at a recent date a hopeful reformation has taken place in a section of it under one of the metrants, Mar Athanasius, backed by the Church Missionary Society; and at length the friends of this interesting people have reason for confident expectation that, after many years of prayerful waiting, the first streaks of a better day have begun to dawn.

The durbar was held in a handsome hall, paved with marble, decorated with large pictures, and hung with chandeliers. Down the centre were four rows of gilt and velvet chairs for Europeans, it not being etiquette for natives, of however high a rank, except the princes, to sit in the presence of the rajah.

At the end of the hall were two thrones, for the rajah and the resident, Mr. Macgregor. His highness the maharajah wore the insignia of the order of the Star of India, with a light-blue satin robe. The ceremony was an imposing one, and our ears were almost deafened, after the proclamation was read, by salvos of artillery and cannon salutes. The English National Anthem was played. On this auspicious day the rajah and his subjects were made happy by an addition of two guns to the rajah's salute, making it now a royal salute of twenty-one guns. The first prince passed down the front row of chairs, and touched the handkerchiefs of each of the guests with attar, and presented a betel-leaf wrapped up in gold-leaf, and the ceremony was over.

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It was my good fortune to be seated next to the first prince at the state dinner on the following day. The dinner was in the English style, and three long tables were spread with every variety of English viands, including, unless my eyes were very much mistaken, beef. The prince directed my eyes to a dish that looked suspiciously like an ox's tongue, and asked me what it was. I told him what I thought it was, and it created little surprise.

I was prepared, from what I had learnt from others, to find the prince thoroughly versed in English topics, and otherwise intelligent, and I was not disappointed. The conversation ranged over a variety of subjects familiar to a foreigner, but one would have imagined beyond the horizon of a native prince—certainly beyond that of the majority. The prince was, however, able to talk about most of them. As an instance, speaking of Ireland, the conversation turned upon the number of famous men it had produced, and the prince recollects the names of one or two more, including Lord Palmerston in addition to those already mentioned. Our host and the first prince, being Hindoos, could not, of course, partake of any of the good things they had provided for their guests, and the dinner, lasting more than two hours, must have appeared to them wearisomely long. I suggested to the prince that his patience would assuredly be reckoned to him as "punnium" (*i.e.*, "merit") of some sort, which seemed to amuse him.

I must pass over other interesting sights that we saw to speak of one that particularly interested me as a missionary. It was a (caste) girls' school, under the management of our kind friend Miss B. A drive through the part of the town called the Fort, through Brahmin streets seldom polluted by the tread of low-caste natives, brought us to a storeyed house, once the residence of a high native official, a quaint-looking building, with carved wood and a solitary lettuce-tree—a very fine specimen, the only ornament of the front plot of ground. We found more than sixty girls, of various ages and castes, and every variety of complexion some little Brahminee girls almost as fair as Europeans, awaiting our arrival. Jewels of every description were profusely scattered over their persons. I am not surprised that Miss B. loves these children, and devotes herself to their moral and mental improvement. It would be impossible to do otherwise, they are so bright, intelligent, and pretty; and when they recited texts of Scripture in a serious, thoughtful way—not by any means in the schoolroom style—it was hard to believe that He was not drawing them to himself who has said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not." Some of the elder girls would have deserved to be called accomplished in England—certainly in India—to judge from the specimens of drawing, flower-painting, and wool-work produced.

This is only one branch of a very interesting work carried on by the Indian Female Instruction Society in this important centre. I am precluded from dwelling on another that my wife had the privilege of seeing with her own eyes when calling on the native ladies in the rajah's palace. The impression we carried away with us when leaving the spot was that the good seed was being carefully sown in this zealously-guarded field, and that prayer and "patient continuance in well-doing" would assuredly meet with a rich reward in an important citadel of Hinduism.

Palamcottah, S. India.

V. II.

FARMING IN PALESTINE.*

THAT farming in the Holy Land is a highly profitable occupation, notwithstanding the curse which yet rests on the country, appeared to me plain after I had resided but a short time in Palestine, and my own conclusions were confirmed from the unexceptionable witness of both European and Arab farmers, with whom I was in daily intercourse. The reasons for this are not far to find, and I have here very briefly recorded twelve, which have come under my own observation, and which I do not remember to have seen enumerated before. Farmers will well understand their significance. Let me earnestly commend them to the attention of all who have hitherto had any doubts as to the accuracy of the Scriptural statements on the subject of Palestine's exuberant fertility, and the teeming populations which it maintained. They are as follows:—

1. *Labour is extremely cheap.*—The wages of ordinary labourers are—men, 5s. to 6s. a week; women, 3s. a week; boys and girls, 2s. These are considered good wages, and amply sufficient to enable them to live.

2. *The plough employed is extremely light.*—A man can carry it over his shoulder and walk miles with it to his home. Two diminutive oxen, or one mule, are amply sufficient to draw it. This plough, of one pattern and size, is used everywhere throughout Egypt and Syria, and it is evidently the same as in ancient times. It fully suffices for the work.

3. *There is no expenditure whatever for manure.*—No artificial dressing, or any requiring carting, is ever employed. That deposited by the beasts as they graze over the stubble lands, and the ashes of whatever is afterwards left to burn, appear to be all the manures the rich Syrian arable lands have ever needed or received.

4. *Horses, asses, oxen, and farm stock generally, are very cheap.*—Horses cost from £8 to £10. Mules, £12 to £15. Camels, £20 to £30. Asses, from £3 to £6. Oxen, from £8 to £15. Full-grown sheep, from 10s. to 16s., and goats still less.

5. *The keep of animals is very trifling.*—Their food consists principally of barley and chopped straw. Four horses may be kept on a farm at an annual cost of from £30 to £40. For oxen, very rich oil-cake is abundant, which can be obtained direct, while still dripping with oil, from the numerous *simsim*, or sesame, presses, but for the most part of the year they live and work on little else besides chopped straw. This is explained by the fact that animals, like their masters, require only the lightest and simplest food in a hot country.

6. *Harvest can always be gathered in without injury from wet.*—Rain is never known at harvest-time. The weather in May is warm and dry, and remains so until the next October. Hence the farmer has never any anxiety or loss on this score.

7. *There is no need of stacking the crops.*—This follows from what has just been said on the subject of harvest. All the sheaves are carried on the backs of camels or asses to an open floor, some smooth rock surface in the middle of the fields, and is threshed, winnowed, etc., in the open air at leisure, in the

* "Palestine Repeopled; or, Scattered Israel's Gathering." By the Rev. James Neil, B.A., formerly Incumbent of Christ Church, Jerusalem. (Nisbet and Co.)

course of three or four months of uniformly hot weather, during which no drop of rain falls.

8. *No farm buildings of any kind are required except the roughest and simplest cattle sheds, and no hedges, ditches, walls, or enclosures of any kind around the fields.*—The only storehouses that are absolutely needed are underground cisterns, called *Sillohs*, in the shape of huge jars, which abound everywhere. These are alluded to in Jer. xli. 8. The lands are virtually undrained, and one farm or one field is marked off from another only by large rough stones, placed here and there at wide intervals along the boundary line. Hence the need of marking the heinousness of the crime of secretly tampering with these. This was done by all the people solemnly declaring, “Cursed is he that removeth his neighbour’s landmark,” when assembled in sacred conclave at Gerizim and Ebal.

9. *The total amount of taxes is only a tithe of each year’s produce.*—A slight additional tax has lately been levied as a house-tax.

10. *The great fertility of ordinary arable lands.*—The heavy lands in some parts yield a hundredfold; at Siloam, for instance, and to the south of Gaza, in that region where it still retains the character it bore when “Isaac sowed in that land, and received in the same year an hundredfold” (Gen. xxvi. 12).

11. *The still greater fertility of irrigated lands.*—These will bear four crops a year, and yield the combined products of England and Italy. Much more land could be thus cultivated if the ruined pools and aqueducts were repaired.

12. *The immense productiveness of fruit-trees.*—The olive, vine, fig, apricot, and mulberry in the high lands are excellent examples of the wealth that must once have been derived from this source, when the mountain terraces were all under cultivation. The olive, fig, and mulberry will thrive in the rockiest spots. The vine, which is carelessly left to trail along the ground, seems in some parts, such as the neighbourhood of Hebron, to turn to one huge mass of white grapes. In the hot plains oranges of very many kinds, lemon, citron, banana, and prickly pear, grown extensively as a hedge round the gardens, yield most abundantly.

In 1876 the price of the finest wheat in Palestine was about 4s. the bushel, and of the finest barley about 2s. 2d. In 1875 the price of wheat was the same, and of barley about 2s. 6d the bushel.

Eyes.

SWEET baby eyes,
That look around with such a grave surprise,
What do you see?
A strange new world, where simplest things
Engender wild imaginings
And fancies free!
A resting-place that is not home,
A paradise wherein to roam
For years, may be?
O placid, wondering baby eyes,
The mystery that in you lies
Oft puzzles me.

Clear, boyish eyes,
Whose fearless glance unconsciously defies
Trouble and care;

When babyhood is past and gone,
What is it that you gaze upon?

A land most fair;
A sunny shore with pleasure rife;
And that great, glorious gift of life
‘Tis bliss to share.

O happy, trustful, boyish eyes,
Let sages envy, fools despise,
The faith you wear.

The anxious eyes
Of manhood, slowly piercing earth’s disguise,
Discover—what?

That life at best is quickly done,
That hopes fulfilled and wishes won,

Are dearly got;
That shadows chased in headlong haste,
And golden fruit he strove to taste,

Delight him not.
O restless, doubting, troubled eyes,
To learn in sorrow to be wise
Is manhood’s lot.

Dim aged eyes,
Gazing across the wreck of broken ties,
What do they see?

Behind—dead leaves that withered fall,
A fading wilderness where all

Is vanity;
Before—to gladden weary sight,
A glimpse, a promise of the bright
Eternity.
O dim and tearful aged eyes,
If waiting till that dawn shall rise,
Blessèd are ye!

And angel eyes,
Who have their dwelling-place beyond the skies,
Vainly do we
Image the glories they must know,
Picture the pearly gates aglow—
The crystal sea.

For brightest visions mortals paint
Of that celestial country, faint
Must ever be.

No! pure and holy angel eyes,
We can but pray that what you prize
Our own may see.

S. E. G.

A Summer Morning in the Country.

A SUMMER MORN! the dazzling sun
Gilds every blade of ripening wheat,
And bids all Nature’s works rejoice
At his glad light and cheering heat.

A gentle breeze just bends the grass
And wafts the breath of new-mown hay,
The tired mower leaves his work,
For he has toiled since break of day.

The lark pours forth his morning song,
The thrush takes up the glad refrain,
Then both unite in concord sweet
To welcome Summer back again.

And all the birds in chorus seem
To chant one joy-inspiring lay,
That calls this life a happy dream
And sends our cares far, far away.



"Tis then we love to wander on,
Without a thought of place or hour,
All griefs forgot—our grandest aim
To feed a bird or pluck a flower.

Where are the cares we felt within
The city's drear and gloomy walls?
Where are the trembling hopes and fears
That no awakening thought recalls?

All melted in the glowing rays
Of sunshine o'er this lovely scene,
Or chased away, for one brief hour,
By Summer's bright and golden sheen.

For who on such a morn as this
Can think of life, with all its cares,
As other than a priceless boon
Meet for the burden of our prayers?

LEWIS NOVRA.

ROYAL COMMISSION ON HISTORICAL MANUSCRIPTS.

III.

AT Trentham House, the seat of the Duke of Sutherland, there have been preserved several hundred letters, now sent up to London for the use of the Commission. The contents of some of them are thus summarised: "In the correspondence of Francis Newport, m.p. for Shrewsbury, evidence is given of the moderate demand made by Charles I of Sir John Hotham before Hull. The apprehensions of the Protector, Oliver Cromwell, and the design to make him a king, are here noticed, as also the wedding feast of one of Oliver's daughters, where he drank well, and came out of his chamber in *deshabille* to answer a petition. The statements in a letter of news at p. 143 respecting Oliver and Lady Claypole, and at p. 150 of the attempt of Heveningham to escape prosecution by throwing on Bradshaw the blame of his attendance during the trial of King Charles, will be read with interest. The various speculations at the Restoration regarding the future queen are detailed in these papers. These speculations raised the hopes of foreign countries, and eventually ended in a fight between the king's French cook and the cooks of three noblemen (p. 160). The letters from Stephen Charlton are numerous and full of news of the day. He gives instances of the irresolution and yet tyrannical conduct of the Protector in the last years of his life, and of the great dissatisfaction of the people. He mentions an attempt to assassinate Oliver's eldest son Richard (p. 166). In the letters of Sir Richard Temple an account is given of what took place at Whitehall among the officers of the army a few weeks after the death of Oliver (p. 172). The sixteen letters by Dugdale are valuable, both for their notices of public affairs and for their allusions to Dugdale's literary labours. The rejoicings at the Restoration, the presents to Charles II, the punishment of the Regicides, his favour to the Presbyterians and neglect of the Cavaliers, are fully related by various writers. Notices are also preserved of the public curiosity regarding Anne Hyde, and of the Duke of York's vexation at her declaration of their marriage. Sir Thomas Gower's two long letters of January, 1650, relating to military affairs in the north, will be read with interest. A few particulars for theatrical history may be gathered from the letters of Lord Granville (p. 197) and Edward Gower (p. 200). The letters of Lord North in the last century, show his views with regard to our American colonies at the beginning of the war. Lord Thurlow's letters are very characteristic, and his account of what ensued on the death of Lord Rockingham is curious. His letters on the education which he recommends for a boy are marked by his usual good sense. This collection is extremely valuable for the abundant illustration which it affords for the middle of the seventeenth century."*

The papers of Colonel Towneley, of Towneley Hall, Burnley, are found to be very valuable for the

information they convey relative to the poet Spenser, and other subjects. A book in this collection furnishes incontestable evidence that he received his education at Merchant Taylors' School. The book is an account-book of the executors of Robert Nowell, of Gray's Inn, brother of Alexander Nowell, Dean of St. Paul's. The evidence is confirmed by the fact that the date corresponds with the time when Spenser would complete his school course, and also because it connects his position as a free scholar of Merchant Taylors' with his passing thence to Pembroke Hall, Cambridge. It is surprising that no record of Spenser can be found in the archives of the school; but this negative circumstance cannot set aside the positive evidence afforded by the Towneley collection, which certainly points to an honour in the history of one of our city foundations not known before to belong to it (iv. 407).

Another important discovery is made by searching the same collection. The Earl of Stanhope, in his History of England (vol. ii. 208), alludes to lines on the death of Caroline, queen of George II, written by Lord Chesterfield. "She was censured," he says, "as implacable in her hatred, even to her dying moments, as refusing her pardon to her son, who, it was added, had sent humbly to beseech her blessing. 'And unforgiving, unforgiven died!' cries Chesterfield, in some powerful lines, which were circulated at the time, but which I have not been able to recover." Here they are, entitled, "Epitaph on Queen Caroline, consort to George II, who died November 20th, 1737."

"Here lies un pity'd both by Church and State,
The subject of their flattery and hate,
Flattered by those on whom her favour flowed,
Hated for favours impiously bestowed.
She ever aimed the Churchmen to betray,
In hopes to share the[sir] arbitrary sway.
In Tindall's and in Hoadeley's paths she trod,
A hypocrite in all but disbelief in God.
Promoted luxury, encouraged vice,
Herself a slave to sordid avarice.
True friendship's tender love ne'er touch'd her heart,
Falsehood appeared, in vain disguised by art.
Fawning and haughty, when familiar rude,
And never gracious seemed but to delude.
Inquisitive in trifling mean affairs,
Heedless of public good and orphans' tears;
To her own offspring mercy she denied,
And unforgiving, unforgiven died!" *

In Colonel Towneley's possession is an important letter, addressed to the sheriffs and justices of the peace in Kent, respecting the Duke of Norfolk, who had been pupil to John Foxe, the martyrologist, and continued his friend until the unhappy nobleman became involved in transactions which brought him to the block. The letter is signed by Bedford, Leicester, Knollys, Cecil, and others, stating that the

* Historical MSS., Fifth Report, part i. p. vii.

* Historical MSS., Fourth Report, p. 414.

duke had gone from London to Kenninghall, upon fear of the queen's displeasure, where he avowed he would remain a faithful subject. The queen meant no ill towards him, the document says, "but only upon his coming to the court, to understand the truth of a certain matter that hath been moved to him, for a marriage with the Queen of Scots, which her Majesty nowise doth allow." The queen had sent for the duke to repair to her presence, which no doubt he would, but in the meanwhile the justices were to stay all seditious rumours by apprehending the authors thereof (iv. 413).

In the Third Report of the Commissioners we are taken to Scotland, as far as Buchanan Castle, belonging to his Grace the Duke of Montrose. Here the archeologist may revel with delight amongst archives belonging to the ducal house, many of which relate to stirring events in the history of Scotland and England. The Duke of Montrose was Secretary of State for Scotland, and zealously promoted the union of the two kingdoms. Rob Roy seems to have been for many years an annoyance to the duke and his tenants, not only robbing him of his rents, but kidnapping his chamberlain. With great difficulty Rob Roy was secured, and all this comes out in the Montrose correspondence. There is also among the papers at Buchanan a letter from Queen Mary to her father-in-law, Earl of Lennox, in reference to Darnley's conduct, who threatened to go abroad and leave the queen. A letter by James I, when nine years old, belongs to the same collection, and refers to the taking of Dumbarton Castle, the last stronghold retained for Queen Mary. Another letter from him in 1600 relates to money wanted for promoting his succession to the English crown. It was to be placed in "a littel coffer," of which the Duke of Lennox kept the key. In 1603 he asks his Grace, on the death of Elizabeth, to accompany him on his journey into England, in the duke's "maist cumelie and decent maner." Some characteristic letters, never published, written by Graham of Claverhouse, afterwards Viscount Dundee, are found in this remarkable collection of manuscripts.

Before concluding our present article we must notice the mss. of Miss Conway Griffith, Carreglwyd, Anglesey, and Berw, North Wales. In Queen Elizabeth and King James's time there was an outcry against the grievance of wainage, as it was called—that is, the right claimed by royal officers, termed "cart-takers," to impress horses and vehicles for the royal use when their Majesties were going a journey. The staff so employed consisted of four persons—the yeoman cart-taker and three grooms. A long ms. on this subject exists in the Griffith collection, and thence we find that, in consequence of public murmurs, under Elizabeth, the number of carts impressed for a royal progress was reduced from 600 to 400. The writer assures the Earl of Northampton that, with proper management, 400 carts ought to be enough for the requirements of the court on a journey. What a picture this gives of a royal progress in those days. Besides royalty and nobility in lumbering coaches and on horseback—besides attendants of all sorts, traversing roads, marching through towns and villages—we have to bring before our imagination twenty score heavily-laden carts, going up hill and down dale, and over bad roads, up to the axle in mud, with accompaniments of stormy weather and numerous other discomforts. The Scots are complained of: "The people knowing no fashion

but their own, laded their carts with half-loads of stuff, and overloaded the same with people. There was sometimes sixteen and more great bodies of men and women upon one cart" (v. 408).

Of course, such a practice was abominably abused in divers ways, and preachers in their pulpits—for example, the Dean of St. Paul's, on Ash Wednesday, 1585—"proclaimed" against it. People seized upon carts whether wanted or not; and sometimes, when a poor fellow had laden his conveyance with goods for the country, he would be compelled to unload again and carry "a tun of drink" to the queen's court. A touching letter turns up in the Griffith collection from Lord Chancellor Ellesmere, praying for permission to retire from office. "Most gracious Sovereign," he says, addressing James I, 1615, "I find, through my great age accompanied with many griefs and infirmities, my sense and conceit is become dull and heavy and memory decayed, my judgment weak, my hearing imperfect, my voice and speech failing and faltering, and in all the powers and faculties of my mind and body great debilities." "I am unable to sustain the burden of this great service, for I am come to St. Paul's desire—'Cupio dissolvit esse cum Christo.' I have a desire to depart and to be with Christ." The mss. are numbered; this last is No. 789. No. 824 contains two sets of verses, written by King James himself when at Burleigh House, a guest of the Marquis of Buckingham. The king wished his favourite might have a son and heir, and thus expressed himself in verse:—

"The heavens that wept perpetually before,
Since we came hither, shewe theyr smyling cheere ;
This goodly howse it smiles, and all this store
Of huge provisions smyles upon us here.
The buckes and stagges in full they seem to smyle,
God sende a smiling boye within a while."

"If ever in the Aprill of my dayes
I sat upon Parnassus' forked hill,
And there inflam'd with sacred fiery still
By pen proclaim'd our greate Apollo's prayse,
Graunt glistering Phœbus with thy golden rayes,
My earnest suite, which to present thee here
Behold my * * of this blessed couple dere,
Whose vertues pure no toungue can duly blaze,
Thou, by whose heate the trees in fruit abound,
Blesse them with frute delitious, sweete and faire,
That may succeede them in theyr vertues rare ;
Firm plant theym in theyr naytive soyle and ground.
Thou Jove, that art the only god indeede,
My prayer heare ; sweete Jesus intercede."*

No. 804, 12th of August, 1622, contains the royal order for the restraint of preachers and the encouragement of catechetical exercises on Sunday afternoons. "That no preacher, of what title soever under the degree of a bishop, or dean at the least, do henceforth presume to preach in any popular auditory the deep points of predestination, election, reprobation, and of the universality, efficacy, resistibility, or irresistibility of God's grace." The next month, September, 1622, there is a copy of a letter from Lord-keeper Williams, Bishop of Lincoln, against "the whole troupe of rogues, beggars, Egyptians, and idle persons" infesting the country to the injury of her Majesty's subjects, and the "deepe aspersion" of the Govern-

* Historical MSS., Appendix to Fifth Report, p. 400.

ment. The same document is intended to "correct the extortionate prices charged for hay and oats at inns and hostellries, for flesh at shambles, and bread in bakers' shops," by "apportioning such reasonable rates on all these particulars as in equitie and conscience shall be found fittinge." In 1625 King James died, when an order was issued from Whitehall by Charles I, that the nobility should attend the royal funeral as mourners; and that, upon pain of his high displeasure, none who sent for "blacks" should keep any that "will not or cannot really mourn and do honour to the funeral, as well in the proceeding as at the service at church."

The next year, 1626, Lewes, Bishop of Bangor, being in London to attend the coronation, writes to his father-in-law, Sir Sackville Trevor, a letter dated February 7. He tells his correspondent how he alighted at the Red Lion "Grayes Inne Lane," where the plague had not reached at the time it infested London; and how, next day, he waited on the king at dinner, and kissed hands, receiving a gracious welcome, with assurance that he would attend to correspondent's suit. The prelate proceeds to give an account of the ceremonial in the Abbey, stating, "I was one of the bishops who held the cloth over his head whilst his Majesty was anointed; and after his anointing he graciously kissed me and some five bishops that were at the anointing, as the ceremony is; and, when his Majesty sat upon his throne, on a high scaffold, with a crown on his head, we did our homage to him, and then we kissed him." "My Lord of Rutland, at the very coronation, holding the sword, asked me, very heartily, how his cousin Anne did, and whether she was come up to London, and whether she had a boy or a girl and very cheerfully glad to hear of her" (v. 411.)

JOHN STOUGHTON, D.D.

LONDON ON WHEELS.

PEOPLE who live in the heart of London are so accustomed to the rattling and rumbling of wheels as to be in a manner insensible to the prodigious noise they make; the racket and the din begin in the morning before they are awake, and go on without an instant's intermission for an hour or two after they are asleep; and they sometimes tell that, although the continuous uproar never disturbs their rest, the cessation of it often does, and that they are actually roused out of sleep by the unwonted silence which prevails for a time during the small hours that precede the dawn. It may not be uninteresting to glance for a few minutes at locomotive London, and see how far we can analyse and catalogue the endless swarms of vehicles which every day and all day long are traversing the thoroughfares of the metropolis.

The omnibus, or 'bus as it is familiarly called, rightly claims first notice, as being decidedly the most predominant feature in locomotive London, and as performing a species of service which long habit has rendered indispensable to Londoners. It is to our busy, calculating citizen the universal chaise-and-pair; it goes anywhere and everywhere at any hour and all hours of the day; it takes us up wherever we may happen to be, and sets us down wherever we choose to stop, and it does it at a cost which all, save the very poorest, can afford to pay. If it is not a luxurious accommodation it is a punctual one, and

has become so necessary to our pursuit both of business and pleasure, that were it to be suddenly withdrawn something like anarchy must result. The 'bus drivers and conductors look upon themselves as martyrs to the convenience of the public, and so in a sense they must be, since many of them are at work sixteen hours out of the twenty-four, and some of them even more than that—and, what is more, can enjoy but an occasional Sunday.

The 'bus's younger brother, the tram, differs from the 'bus chiefly in his larger size and superior accommodation; but he has not the freedom of the other, being as yet shut out of the centre of the capital and confined to the environs. There are dismal complaints made from time to time by the proprietors both of 'buses and trams against their drivers and conductors. It is said some are given to compensate the hardness of their lot by infomitting with the moneys they collect—nay, the auditors of accounts go so far as to affirm that the shareholders lose a large proportion of their dividends through such intrusions; and it seems that the grand desideratum just now in the business of street locomotion by 'buses and trams is a contrivance for transferring entire the fares of passengers to the pockets of proprietors.

Next in general importance to the 'bus is the cab—not a very imposing article in itself, as having a character for dirt and slovenliness which the complaints of the public do not avail to abate. But the cab runs everywhere at the fiat of everybody, at all hours of the twenty-four, and in all weathers save at those fortunately rare seasons when it cannot run because the streets are glazed with ice. Cabby, the driver, is very much in keeping with the vehicle he drives—that is, he is rather a dusty, slovenly subject as a rule, the exceptions being all too few. He considers himself unfairly dealt with, inasmuch as he is not allowed to charge what he likes, but has to work for regulation pay, and runs the risk of being "pulled up" if he exacts more. But he does exact more, notwithstanding, and is most ingenious in so doing, electing to exercise his ingenuity on the fair sex when they favour him with their patronage. He seldom has any change, and seems to think it an impertinence to be asked for it. He expects always to receive sixpence more than the regulation fare, and when he doesn't get it he doesn't say "thank you." He has no objection to a glass of ale, but has a suspicion as he drinks it that it is intended as a substitute for the extra sixpence. His temper is not of the meekest, and is apt to get ruffled when he has been waiting half the day without custom—which is hardly to be wondered at, for Cabby's wages are not, like other men's wages, certain payments at certain times, but are simply all he can pick up over some ten to fifteen shillings a day which he has to pay to the proprietor of the cab and horses entrusted to him. Latterly he has begun to find out the value of civility, and is not nearly so uncomplimentary (we will not say abusive) as he used to be. Indeed, there is now a class of cabmen who have introduced the elements of courtesy and respectability into their profession—men who are civil, punctual, and anxious to please, and moreover are content with the regulation fares. Perhaps by-and-by, when the cab-shelters are plentiful, and are preferred to the public-house, we shall have more of them.

The tradesman's trap—a modern institution quite unknown to our grandfathers—is one of the most

perilous nuisances of the London streets. It is almost a projectile as much as a vehicle; it seems never to know where it is going, and yet is always in a hurry, dashing along the roads diagonally and pursuing a zigzag course at the top of its speed. In the morning it is out for orders, beating the covers right and left, and heedless of every one's convenience but its own. At noon and afterwards it is out on delivery, when it is observed to take things easier, as though both horse and driver had blown off the steam a little. The butcher (whose horse, by the way, has the reputation of being fed on beef), the baker, the grocer, the wine and spirit dealer, and a score or two of tradesmen besides, each has his trap with which to drive his business. These traps are mostly mounted on high wheels, and are drawn by ponies trained to stop the moment the reins are slackened; and it is said they contribute more to the sum-total of three or four thousand persons killed or maimed by wheel traffic in London streets every year than all the 'buses, trams, goods-waggons, and carts put together—though we do not vouch for the fact.

Akin to the trades' trap is the town-traveller's vehicle, which is a cross between a hearse and a dog-cart. The town-traveller, unlike the provincial bagman, does not carry samples merely, but a good store of wares along with them. Hence his vehicle has a long body and a capacious stomach, and has to be drawn by a stout horse capable of heavy and rather continuous work. The Parcels' Delivery carts are much of the same build, but not so long in the body, and they work at greater speed and for longer hours.

The grimy angel of our firesides, the coal-waggon, is never absent from London streets, and is destined to pay periodical visits to every house, which it does with a solemn kind of deliberation edifying to witness. For the coal-heaver (*vulgo coalie*) is not a mercurial subject, and never was. Whether it is that the black diamonds weigh on his mind, or that the leathery sou'-wester that keeps the small-coal from dribbling down his neck is too much for him, we cannot say; but slow and sure is his motto, and about a mile an hour is his pace. If you drive you must keep out of his way, for he is too heavy and too indifferent to get out of yours. The fact is, he knows that in a case of collision you would get the worst of it. He knows also that he is indispensable, and that we who know we cannot do without him will find it best to let him have his way.

Not a whit less independent than the coal-heaver is the brewer's carman, or drayman, as he is sometimes called—though the dray, from some reason or other, seems now to have almost vanished from the streets. The London brewer's horse is the grandest figure of a horse to be found in the kingdom, both as to size and symmetry; his work is easy to him because of his vast bulk, and he is both fed and groomed with the utmost care. He leads a luxurious life, and lasts a long time. Unhappily, we cannot say as much for his custodian, the driver; working brewers, it is too well known, do not last long; we have it on medical authority that a drayman of fifty is hardly to be met with in all London—that so unfavourable is unlimited beer to the human constitution, those who have the means of indulging in it rarely reach far beyond the middle term of life. The drayman is fond of asserting himself in a rather unpleasant manner. He not only blocks up the cause-way sometimes for the hour together, while lowering his barrels into the publican's cellar, but he has a

knack of meeting his fellows towards the close of the day, when you will see a long string of empty beer-barrel waggons, the heads of the horses close to the tail-board of the preceding wain, stretching half a furlong down the road, so as to bar the passage of a crossway until the whole have passed, the drivers grinning with satisfaction at the impatient crowd awaiting their pleasure.

Carriers' carts, waggons, vans, and vehicles of all descriptions for the transport of goods are for ever winding about through all the highways and bye-ways of the capital. The most prominent of these are the railway vans which have to deliver the millions of tons of merchandise of all sorts that London swallows up during the year. The railway goods stations would be hopelessly blocked but for their constant depletion by the railway vans and carts; and, worse than that, thousands of tons of perishable wares would be destroyed if delivery were long postponed. It may well be imagined that the system on which the goods traffic of the London railways is managed is the result of study and long experience. That it must be so simple as to be easily worked, is evident from the fact that the percentage of parcels, bales, boxes, etc., which are lost or not delivered in the course of a year, is but a mere fraction of the whole. But delivery is only one part of the railway carriage system. The collection of goods to be sent into the provinces is another part, equally important if less in amount. From all the great houses of business the goods for carriage are collected every day, and every day the countless deposits of goods are carted from the depôts in time for the night luggage trains. Again, there are special seasons when the traffic is doubled, trebled, or quadrupled—as the eve of magazine day, when the Row is blocked by the railway receiving-vans to a late hour, and Christmas eve, when all the world are exchanging presents along the railway lines, and New Year's eve, the echo of Christmas, when the same thing takes place on a minor scale. The driver of a carrier's van or cart is notably a business hand. He is not given to gossip, and seldom hints at a gratuity. He is the last link in a contract, for the completion of which he is responsible, and he puts a rather serious face on the matter. Take the parcel he brings, pay the money due if any be due, and sign a receipt for the goods in his book: that is all he wants of you. If, at Christmas time, he touch his hat and intimate that he would have no objection to drink your health, you may conclude he has not been long at the business.

Everybody knows the country carrier, and his canvas-covered cart, available for either goods or passengers, and restricted by law to a pace of four miles an hour. This worthy also has his representative in London, who, however, cannot carry passengers, and is not restricted as to pace; he contrives to make a tolerably good living by the transfer of goods from one part of London to another, in spite of the Parcels' Delivery Company, which, he says, tried to gobble him up, but could not do it, and for whose good intentions he has a word of a sort. Still, he has condescended to take a leaf from their book. He has learned punctuality and moderation in charges from them; and, like them, he has established depôts, at which he calls regularly at stated times for the deposits.

The most picturesque of all the vehicles that arrive in London are, beyond all comparison, the loaded

wains that converge towards Covent Garden early on a summer morning. To form a fair idea of these you should perambulate the purlieus of the market between the hours of three and six on a morning of June or July. A waggon loaded to the height of twelve or fourteen feet with fragrant wallflowers in full bloom; another, just as lofty, ready to topple over with summer cabbages; a third rearing tall pillars built up of baskets of fruit; a cart smothered alive in cowslips and bluebells; another crammed with garden flowers in pots; another heaped high with roots of flowers already in bud, and destined to bloom or die, as may happen, in some far away East-end alley—these are pretty sights and pleasant odours, but they represent only a fraction of the multitudinous mass of green and floral produce daily delivered in the market, all the avenues and approaches of which are crowded and crammed with vehicles of every description, ready to get into place and unload in their turn. It is here, too, that the costermongers, whose characteristic equipages pervade city and suburb throughout the day, are seen to most advantage. They affect mostly the northern side of the square, and here you see them by hundreds, with every conceivable kind of vehicle, from a couple of loose planks, rattling on two odd wheels, and drawn, or rather dragged, by a half-starved donkey, to a handsome, well-built and gaily decorated cart, drawn by a sleek and well-fed cob. The market carts, so gay with the garments of Flora in the morning, cut, many of them, a different figure in the after-part of the day, since not a few of them, after discharging their greenery, are off to the mews and stables, where they load with manure, and transfer that to their gardens and nursery-grounds. If the driver cannot contrive to get a sleep of a few hours before starting for his return load, he is likely to be seen napping on the top of his load, with the reins in his hand, as he jogs homeward—a spectacle not at all uncommon on summer evenings.

" Biggest born of earth " among wheel-carriages is the furniture-van, a ponderous machine in whose cavernous maw are often engulfed at a single meal the whole of the household gods of a large family. These monster caravans are the veritable Leviathans of the roads, and seem to be growing larger and larger every year, and are withal one of the most useful inventions of the day. Owing to their use, combined with the facilities afforded by the railways, a household may be removed for hundreds of miles without loss or damage to property, and at a cost less than one-twentieth of what it would have been fifty years ago. Then, the goods would have had to be secured in packing-cases or swathed in haybands, and would not have travelled far without a dismal loss by breakage. Now, they are stowed in the furniture-van with perfect safety, the interior fittings of the van being contrived so as to eliminate the risk of fractures of any kind. The van itself mounts on the rail, in a few hours arrives at its destination, and discharges the goods perfectly uninjured without any ceremony of unpacking. For any injury, indeed, the van-owner holds himself responsible; and it is rarely the case, however long the journey, that he has any loss to make good. It is about quarter-day—a few days before and after—that the huge goods-van is most ubiquitous. A vast number of families in London flit every quarter, and, as a rule, the flitting has to be got over in double-quick time, in consequence of which one sometimes comes across the queer spectacle

of a moving out and a moving in going on at the same time at the same house. Brown's crockery gets mixed up with Jones's hardware, or Robinson's four-poster is exchanged, unawares, for Smith's camp bedstead; if such a thing happens nobody is angry, and it only furnishes occasion for a pleasant joke, being easily rectified. The monster furniture-van, as its use is rather periodical than continuous, is, we suspect, mostly drawn about by hired horses, even in London; at the end of a railway journey hiring is, of course, the only resource.

Of the pleasure-vans, which all the summer long run with loads of holiday-makers to Epping Forest, Hampton Court, and fifty places besides, we need not say anything here. The readers of the "*Leisure Hour*" know all about them, and not a few of them, we imagine, have enjoyed many a merry day through their means, and we heartily hope may live to enjoy many more.

Hearses and funeral equipages are but too common sights in London streets, though it seems to us that, relatively to the population, they have visibly declined of late years. This is owing, it may be supposed, partly to the ill-repute of undertakerism, which has aroused public disgust, and partly to the action of funeral companies connected with the outlying cemeteries, who, making use of railway transit, have done much towards freeing the streets from the melancholy death processions. Still the sable steeds keep their ground, and the hollow trumpery of mutes and plumes, and hired mourners, who go out grave and mournful and come back jocular and tipsy, and all the profitable paraphernalia that clings to them, remains in vogue, and will endure, in spite of its palpable absurdity, till folks grow wiser.

Why it is that the hearse, with its dead bodies, couples itself in our imagination with the prison-van, we can hardly tell, unless it be that the prison-van—her Majesty's omnibus, as it is sometimes called—is certainly instrumental in burying bodies, though it selects the living, and not the dead. It is like no other vehicle carrying passengers, for it conceals them all from view, and makes no demand for a fare—which cannot be said of anything else that runs on wheels.

Another of her Majesty's curricles is the mail-cart, of which we shall only say you had better keep out of its way. Time and tide, they say, wait for no man, and the driver of the mail-cart is as imperative as they are.

The doctor's brougham, on the other hand, is much given to waiting, and waits patiently by the half-hour together at the door of the patient, the doctor's boy, or tiger, who drives, amusing himself as well as he can, in winter by blowing his fingers, and in summer by endeavouring to keep awake on his box while dipping into a sheet of the cheap literature now so common, or digesting a wholesome tract.

We have almost reckoned up the wheel-work of London so far as it is connected with, or conducive to, the furtherance of business. True, there are other items that might be added, were we disposed to exhaust the subject. There are the fire-engines, which, though they are not exactly business agencies, yet do a good deal of business in their way, so much, in fact, that any competent account of them would furnish matter for a long article. There are the hospital vehicles, that convey the sick to the hospital to prevent the spread of disease by infection.

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There is that queer carriage with its cranks, and windlass, and low floor, by which foundered oxen are machined up from the ground and carried to the layers or the slaughter-house. There is the steam-roller, which levels our macadamised roads at once, and saves no end of breakdowns and broken knees. There is the strolling cart of the Sisters of Mercy, which goes about collecting the surplus food and raiment that might otherwise be wasted, but being thus collected, is utilised for the poor. There are the hay-carts from the country-side bound for the hay-market. There are the water-carts irrigating the highways—the fish-carts, musical-instrument carts, laundry-carts, and even sweeps' soot-carts; and there is the scavenger's cart, that rolls about in the dark, and does for the streets by night what the dust-cart does for the household by day. But all these, and such as these, we must pass without further mention, and turn our attention for a few moments in conclusion to the wheel-work that revolves, not for business, but for pleasure or pride, or state ceremonial.

At the head of this department is the Queen's state-carriage, with the cream-coloured horses, each with his golden-liveried attendant—a spectacle always welcome to a London populace, but not so familiar as it once was to her Majesty's loyal subjects. The state equipages of the foreign ambassadors come next, rarely seen but in the precincts of palaces and the drives of the West-end. The Lord Mayor's coach, and the coaches of the sheriffs and City notables, would in popular estimation claim the next place. After them we may group together the whole of the magnificent equipages of the nobility and gentry as they drive out during the London season to be stared at in Rotten Row. Then come the resuscitated stage-coaches, the property and the pride of their aristocratic drivers, who, of late years, have undertaken to revive the delights of the old coaching days, and have done it successfully and pleasantly enough. Of the private carriages in London, including every imaginable structure that ingenuity could invent and the coachmaker can build, from the capacious family machine to the most diminutive buggy, the name is legion. His eminence the aristocratic coachman, and their excellencies the aristocratic high-steppers, are London institutions, and exist here in such perfection as no other capital in the world can boast of. Some estimate might be formed of their number by any one who would take the trouble to visit the long miles of mews which for the most part lie away out of the beaten track, and in the rear of the fashionable streets and squares, and who would count up the number of livery-stables to be met with in any quarter of the metropolis. Hence it is that the processions of wedding-coaches are recruited when the "happy day" at length has dawned; and here also any number of black horses and mourning-coaches are always ready when the funeral rites have to be performed.

It must not be supposed, however, that in the matter of which we have been treating any hard-and-fast line can be drawn between business and pleasure. The identical equipages that figure in Rotten Row do at times also make a part of a funeral procession; and, on the other hand, thousands of wheel-carriages, built and maintained for business purposes, sally forth on occasions for purposes of pleasure and merry-making. There are times and seasons when all thought of business is banished, and when every-

thing that can be mounted on wheels, and everything in the shape of "horse, mule, or ass," that can be made to gallop or trot, to canter or crawl, is turned out to exhibit itself in public. Such occasions are the days of public rejoicing, and nights of general illumination, recurring only at long intervals. Once a year, indeed, there is a sort of universal muster of everything that can be called a wheel-carriage, and he that would fain see what it is like has but to watch the return home of the motley crowds on the evening of the Derby day.

A STRANGE DORSETSHIRE SQUIRE.

HENRY HASTINGS, Esq., second son of George, fourth Earl of Huntingdon, had the manor of Piddleton, in Dorsetshire, given to him by his father, who reserved, however, the advowson to himself and to his heirs, and with them it still continues. He afterwards, by his first wife, Dorothy, second daughter and co-heir of Sir Francis Willoughby, of Wollaton Hall, Notts, obtained the manor of Woodland, in the parish of Horton, Dorset, where he had a capital mansion and principally resided. Being one of the keepers of the New Forest, he had also a lodge there, in which he passed a part of every hunting season; and we find him, April 26th, 1601, granting a lease to R. Wareham and S. Wareham for their lives of the office of constable of Christchurch Castle and the office of keeping Sturville Chase.

One of his nearest neighbours at Woodland was the Lord Chancellor Cooper, first Earl of Shaftesbury. Two men could not be more opposite in their dispositions and pursuits; they had little communication, therefore, and their occasional meetings were rendered more disagreeable to both from their opposite sentiments in politics. Lord Shaftesbury, who was the younger man, was the survivor, and the following account of Mr. Hastings, which is said to be the production of his lordship's pen, still remains in gold letters at Winborne St. Giles, the seat of the Earl of Shaftesbury, under an original portrait.

"In the year 1668 lived Mr. Hastings, in his quality son, brother, and uncle to the Earl of Huntingdon. He was, peradventure, an original in our age, or rather the copy of our ancient nobility, in hunting not in warlike times. He was low, very strong and very active, of a reddish-flaxen hair; his cloaths always of green cloth, and never worth, when new, £5. His house was perfectly of the old fashion, in the midst of a large park well stocked with deer, and near the house rabbits for his kitchen, many fish-ponds, great store of wood and timber, a bowling-green in it, long but narrow, full of high hedges, it being never levelled since it was ploughed. They used round sand bowls, and it had a banqueting house like a stand, a large one built in a tree. He kept all manner of sport hounds, that ran buck, fox, hare, otter, and badger, and hawkes long and short winged. He had all sorts of nets for fish. He had a walk in the New Forest and the manor of Christchurch; this last supplied him with red deer, sea and river fish; and, indeed, all his neighbours' grounds and royalties were free to him, who bestowed all his time on these sports.

"Whoever came to his house he found there beef, pudding, and small beer in great plenty, the house not so neatly kept as to shame him or his dirty shoes, the

great hall strewed with marrow-bones, full of hawks, perches, hounds, spaniels, and terriers; the upper side of the hall hung with fox skins of this and the last year's killing, here and there a pole cat intermixed; gamekeepers' and hunters' poles in great abundance. The parlour was a large room, as properly furnished; on a great hearth, paved with brick, lay some terriers, and the choicest hounds and spaniels. Seldom but two of the great chairs had litters of cats in them, which must not be disturbed, he having always three or four attending him at dinner, and a little white stick, fourteen inches long, lying by his trencher, to defend such meat as he had no mind to part with to them. The windows, which were very large, served for places to lay his arrows, cross-bows, and stone-bows, and such like accoutrements; the corners of the room full of the best-chosen hunting or hawking poles; his oyster-table at the lower end, which was of constant use twice a day all the year round, for he never failed to eat oysters dinner and supper-time, all seasons; the neighbouring town of Poole supplied him with them. The upper part of the room had two small tables and a desk, on the one side of which was a Church Bible, and on the other side the Book of Martyrs. On the tables were hawks' hoods, bells, and such like; two or three old hats, with their crowns thrust in so as to hold ten or a dozen eggs, which were of the pheasant kind of poultry. These he took much care of, and fed himself. Tables, dice, cards, and boxes were not wanting. In the hole of the desk were a store of tobacco-pipes that had been used. On one side of this end of the room was the door of a closet, wherein stood the strong beer and the wine, which never came from thence but in single glasses, that being the rule of the house exactly observed, for he never exceeded in drink, or permitted it. On the other side was the door of an old chapel, not used for devotion. The pulpit, as the safest place, was never wanting of a cold chine of beef, venison pasty, gammon of pasty, or a great apple-pie with thick crust, extremely baked. His table cost him not much, though it was good to eat at. His sports supplied all but beef and mutton, except Fridays, when he had the best of salt fish, as well as other fish he could get; and this was the day his neighbours of best quality visited him. He never wanted a London pudding, and always sang it in with 'my pert eyes therein.' He drank a glass or two of wine at meals, very often put syrup of gilly-flowers in his sack, and had always a tun-glass without feet stood by him, holding a pint of small beer, which he often stirred with rosemary. He was well-natured, but soon angry, calling his servants evil names. He lived to be a hundred, and never lost his eyesight, but always wrote and read without spectacles, and got on horseback without help. Until past fourscore he rode to the death of a stag as well as any."

Varieties.

ROWLAND HILL AND THE DUKE OF SUSSEX.—At the opening of the meeting called to inaugurate the Religious Tract Society, the benevolent Thomas Wilson was the chairman; at the adjourned meeting the Rev. Rowland Hill presided, and he continued for a long time the first chairman of the committee of this great institution. It appears to be of one of the early an-

nual meetings that the story is told of Mr. Hill and the Duke of Sussex: his Royal Highness requested Mr. Hill to sit next him during the meeting. Mr. Hill tells the story: "A man," he says, "had absolutely the bad taste to spin out his dull tiresome oratory for more than an hour; the Duke whispered to me, 'Really, Mr. Hill, I do not think I can sit to hear such another speech as this; I wish you would give one of your good-natured hints about it.' It was my turn next, so I said, 'May it please your Royal Highness, ladies, and gentlemen, I am not going to make either a long or a moving speech; the first is not in my way, and the second is not required to-day, after the very moving one you have just heard—so moving that several of the company have been moved by it out of the room; nay, I even fear such another would so move his Royal Highness himself, that he would be unable to continue in the chair, and would, to the great regret of the meeting, be obliged to move off.' This pleased the Duke, who stayed out the remainder of the meeting, and there were no more long speeches that day."—*Court Circular.*

BULL-FIGHTING IN SPAIN.—Some of the papers are advocating the suppression of the bull-fights, and are publishing an eloquent appeal to the Cortes, asking that it may be declared illegal to allow horses to take part in them. There are one hundred bull-rings in Spain, and only twelve savings banks. Several of the towns which have recently built rings have no schools.

BRITISH MUSEUM READING-ROOM.—The British Museum annual return shows that in the year 1876 the daily average of readers was 376, each of whom (on an average) consulted 13 volumes in the course of the day. The average time occupied in supplying a book to a reader was 15 minutes.

MISSIONARY WORK AND INFLUENCE.—Lord Northbrook, late Governor-General of India, at the last meeting of the Church Missionary Society, gave the following instance of the good influence of Christian missionaries in remote places: "I remember," said his lordship, "one day, at the end of a long ride in the Himalayas, coming to a small church and a house and a school in the town of Kokghur, where Mr. Repps, one of the Society's missionaries, was stationed, and the good that was done in the place and neighbourhood by Mr. Repps can hardly be understood here. Not only had he collected a small flock of native Christians, and not only had he an excellent school there, but he was consulted upon all occasions by his neighbours, the natives of every rank who lived within twenty or thirty miles of his house. He was stationed at a place between which and Thibet there was no European station, and perhaps only one or two British officers—one superintending the forests and the other making a road between them and the vast deserts of Central Asia. There he was, a missionary belonging to this Society, spreading the Christian religion and using the influences of a good man over a large extent of country. And this is only a single accidental instance of the good work that is being done in India by the missionaries of this Society."

GOTHENBURG LICENSING SYSTEM.—At a large meeting of the working men of Gothenburg we, after stating the object of our mission, and hearing their opinion of the Gothenburg plan, asked if they would recommend us on our return to urge its introduction into Scotland; and in reply there was heard from all parts of the building the cry of "Nay, nay." Upon asking for a reason, they told us that, since the profits were paid over to the community, large numbers of the trading and better classes did not care to have the public-houses put down, because now they were largely relieved from paying taxes. Such is the testimony of those upon the spot, and who, it must be admitted, are competent to form an intelligent opinion.—*Report of Deputation of Inquiry from Edinburgh.*

ALBERT MEDAL.—All the world has rung with the just fame of the Welsh miners who hazarded their lives to rescue their comrades in the inundated coal mine at Tynewydd. The occasion was taken to enlarge the scope of the Albert Medal from being a reward for bravery in saving life at sea, to rewarding bravery in the same good cause on land. Almost at the same time that this announcement was made, the report came from Canada of conduct as heroic as that of the Welsh miners. At Montreal the wall of a burning factory fell upon a number of firemen and others who were trying to rescue some victims from the ruins. Ten were killed on the spot, and others maimed and wounded. The danger was dreadful and manifest, but the brave men never hesitated when the word was heard, "Go in, boys, there are some buried or killed in there." Actually several of those they went to aid were saved, while the rescuers perished. It was as brave an act as facing a battery or storming a breach.